

The White Mage and the Angry Toad

by Aylakat

Category: Chrono Trigger

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-02-01 09:00:00

Updated: 2001-01-29 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 13:04:14

Rating: K+

Chapters: 2

Words: 8,645

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Magus has an interesting accident. You just know he'll never be the same...

1. Part 1

Chapter1

There could be hundreds of things that happened to our friends, the Chrono Trigger gang, after they entered the last portal at the end of the game to go back to their respective homes. This particular story is the beginning of a saga of events and revelations, many of them hilarious, and many depressing. It all starts off with Magus, our resident warlock, aching with fatigue as he stepped into his last gate. I am The Storyteller, and you will now read the story of a single folly that led to a complete change in Magus's behavior.

Magus was tired; destroying the Lavos core took every last ounce of energy from him. He felt sickened by his state, but relieved that he no longer had to spend his days alongside the group of foul smelling humans that he had fought with. The only reason he had ever joined them was because he knew their combined strength could destroy him without a problem. However, he felt obliged to them, knowing that without them, he wouldn't have destroyed the monster that ruined his life.

The endless blue swirls of the time gate comforted him, but he was still uneasy. When Lavos was destroyed, he knew that the gates would become unstable, no longer supported by Lavos's power. Magus could only hope that he would end up in the correct time period, so he could resume his search for his sister.

A few seconds later, he landed hard on his back, the colors of the landscape around him swirling uncontrollably. After hearing the gate close, his eyes focused on his surroundings. His fear had become a reality. He wasn't in 12,000 BC, his desired location in time, but in

600 AD, back in the Middle Ages. Sighing, he stood, and leaned against a nearby tree.

I can't even think straight. The world around me is like a giant blur. How am I supposed to get back to the Dark Ages if I ended up here?

Magus grunted, and felt his forehead. He noticed a slight warmth.

Fever. I need to get some rest... to think about what I'll do tomorrow...

Magus stumbled as he tried to jump upward, shaking in the air as he gained height. He coasted toward the castle, as he tried to keep himself awake. His fatigue got to him eventually though, and even though he fought to stay awake, his eyelids fell, and he began to doze off in midair.

Unfortunately, Magus didn't realize that he was closer to his castle than he thought. He slammed headfirst into his castle, leaving a giant crack in the bricks where his head collided. His body fell to the ground with a loud thud, as the sprays of shattered brick fell upon his face while he lay unconscious.

* * *

Magus awoke in a daze. He could feel a strange sensation upon his forehead, as if someone had just hit him dead-on with an aluminum baseball bat. He wobbled around as he tried to regain his footing, finding a steady wall to lean against as he pulled himself upward.

"What a rush!" Magus groaned quietly, his head throbbing.

As Magus's vision corrected itself, he found that he couldn't recognize just where he was. As he leaned against the wall of the strange castle near him, he felt something under his cape that he couldn't quite recognize. Reaching under it, he pulled out a long wooden pole, with a strange curved blade at the end. It was a scythe.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!" Magus screamed, dropping the pole on the ground. He recoiled against the wall of the castle, bringing his cape around himself as protection from the strange instrument. Breathing heavily, he stared at it.

"My my my... what a funny incident." He said, as he realized that the object wasn't about to jump up and slash at him. He rested his hands on his non-existent hips, and felt the smooth leather that he wore on his body. As if acting upon instinct, he fabricated a large, full-length mirror that stood before him, and examined himself. He found that he was wearing a long, red cape, with purple pants, and brown leather armor.

"Normally, I like leather, but I wasn't expecting this!" Magus yelled in surprise, a strange femininity in his voice.

"These colors are so drab..." He said quietly. He recited a few words with a lisp-like tone, and watched as his entire wardrobe turned

white. From his shoulders to his boots, his entire body was covered with white. White cape, white leather body suit, white armor, white boots, white gloves, white belt, all to match his white face. He stood, shining like a marble statue honoring a Roman God.

"Much better. Now what to do with these awful bags under my eyes... hmmm..." Magus suddenly turned his ear upward. "Voices! There must be a town around here!!!"

He flew upward into the sky, as he flew towards where the voices came from.

* * *

As he reached the town, he lowered himself near a small fountain that stood in the center of it. Wandering folks stopped their daily errands and stared at him. Many of them ran away in fear of losing their lives, knowing that Magus was cold-hearted and ruthless.

"I wonder what their problem was. Oh well!" Magus said cheerily. He sighed and walked into a local building, to try and get a bearing on his location. He unwittingly walked into a tavern, watching as the barkeep's eyes widened in fear.

"Excuse me, sir, but where is this?"

The man was baffled at the sight of the world's worst enemy wearing such strange clothing and acting so differently.

"Umm... uhh... M-M-M-Mah-guhs... Th-th-th this is S-S-San Duh-duh-duhrino T-Tavern... Here, have wa-wa-one on the house! Don't kill me!"

The tavern keeper handed Magus a large mug of ale.

"Nuh-uh, bar boy." Magus said, with a growing nasty attitude. "Raspberry daiquiris or pina coladas only. I'm on a fruit only diet. I loooooove fruit! Oh, and what did you say my name was?"

The bartender stood backward and shut his eyes, waiting for the worst to come, but it didn't. When he opened his eyes, he saw Magus standing there, waiting for an answer.

"I said M-M-Magus, sir... don't hurt me!" "Sir, I'm not looking to whip your particular behind, or at least not yet. I just want you to get my name right. You can call me Janus. I come from the Village." "Whatever you say, sir!!!"

Magus smiled, and stretched his back. He noticed a small mirror on the wall, and examined his face. He shook out his long blue locks, running his fingers through them, feeling the softness of his well kept hair. With a sudden flash, a small rubber band appeared in his hand. In another swift motion, he tied his hair up on top of his head, the blue locks falling just below his shoulder.

"My me... I do need some cover up! Say, sir, do you know a place around here that gives makeovers? Or anywhere that gives a good manicure?" Magus asked the barkeeper. "What?" Oh, no, sorry sir... I-" "What? No manicures? What fun is this town? I'm like, gone, like ten minutes ago!!!"

Magus stormed out of the tavern, noticing several bystanders trying to catch a glimpse of their enemy without getting hurt.

"Demons! You're all demons, denying me of the essences of Revlon!!! Go, go stare at something else, you annoying normal people!"

Suddenly, without warning, a young girl unknowing of Magus and the past war ran to try and get by Magus on her way to see a friend. She tripped over a rock in the ground and fell just before Magus's feet. She started to cry uncontrollably as a large red cut appeared on her knee.

"Oh, don't cry dear..." Magus said, lowering himself to his knees. "It's only a scrape. It'll heal up in a few days. Here you go!" he said, lifting the girl from the ground. "Thank you, sir." The girl said, rubbing the tears from her eyes.

Suddenly, the girl's mother ran and snatched the girl up in her arms.

"Don't you EVER go near that mean old man, you hear me? Don't you ever!" "I'm not old..." Magus whispered, hurt. "I'm not old... I'm only 29..."

Magus sighed and started to leave the town. He could sense the eyes of the townspeople watching him as he walked away. He didn't understand just why the people were afraid of him. He hadn't a clue to his history.

"What have I ever done to them? How can people just go and judge me?"

Magus's pace quickened, until he started running, running to escape the eyes of the townspeople who were still staring at him. Whether it be a sixth sense or paranoia, Magus knew he had to get away, and he knew just where to run to.

* * *

Magus had taken flight to pass over the ocean. His short trip came to a halt as he descended upon the large black castle where he had awoken earlier. Magus had a strange feeling inside of him, as if this castle was his property.

"Well, if it's mine, it's mine..."

Magus eyed the strange exterior of the castle. It was dark and creepy, its tall black walls extending upward toward the sky. Menacing towers pointed even higher, casting a dangerous shadow on the ground. Hoisted in the center was a giant stone gargoyle, a last warning to any visitors not to bother the residents inside. All of this was within a large fort made of black bricks, with a black creaky gate leading the way inside.

"This will NEVER do! This has GOT to go."

With a flick of his ever powerful wrist, Magus removed any remnant of the fort or the gate. Grunting, he changed the entire exterior of the

castle, changing it from a depressing black to a positively glowing white, made completely of white marble, with the occasional black streak. The caged openings that once served as windows for those that were being tortured were now adorned with clear glass panels. The holes themselves were made much larger, so the windows themselves would let in more sunlight. The peaks of each tower were red cones, to add a sense of color to the white situation.

"A name... a name... it needs a name..."

Magus posed thoughtfully for a second, until his face lit up.

"A name indeed!"

With yet another flash of his hands, Magus created a huge sign right above the wooden doorway that lit up as one walked by it. Each end of the large white sign had a giant speaker. He set it up with a motion detector so that when a person approached it, the lights would turn on and play a song. Smiling, Magus added the name to the large white block that was the main sign itself.

"Poyozo Palace. I love it!"

Magus blinked, and a giant gargoyle of a Poyozo appeared where the other had been before. A small Poyozo doll appeared in Magus's arms, playing a soft tune as he squeezed it.

"Now this is a wonderful place to live. If only there were others to share it with..."

Magus sighed, and walked toward the castle's doors. As expected, when Magus drew near, the sign went on, and started blasting the ending theme to Star Wars.

"Classical! I LOVE IT!"

The mage slowly walked inside of his shining new palace, anxiously awaiting the sight of his new domain. His jaw dropped in shock as he entered. The walls were dark and dusty jagged stone, with pointed edges all around. Rusty tools of alchemy sat on the wall. Worn down blades of iron hung by chains from the wall, next to scythes of the Reaper. Broken chairs with huge splinters sat near a table with uneven legs. The floor, which felt uneven and dirty, was almost nonexistent through the low mist that hung at his feet.

He stood there, horrified, unable to tear his eyes away from the horror of his new domain. He looked around frantically, his eyes growing wider and wider until he let out a shriek of terror and cried,

"WHO IS THIS PERSON'S DECORATOR??!?!?!?!?"

He let out shrieks with all his fury, sending forth punches and kicks into empty air, each attack sending forth a burst of translucent energy that collided with the nearest walls. He became embodied with the soul of a great fighter as he grew fiercer, sending forth more and more bursts of energy. He started screaming, his eyes glowing wider and wider with anger, his arms moving so fast that even he couldn't see them. Finally, he fell, out of breath. As he looked upward, he saw that the entire interior of the castle had become

translucent.

Smiling, he turned over to lie on his back. He watched as the translucence disappeared, leaving an array of white walled rooms and hallways. He could see immediately that the floor plan wasn't well laid out, that corridors and rooms were all jumbled.

"I was never good for design in that sense... decoration is my true forte..."

Magus giggled as he lay on the floor, creating the lighting of the castle, a bunch of fluorescent lamps attached to the ceiling. He placed the lights all throughout the castle, using only his mind. He felt as the last possible light and its switch was created, and let out a final sigh of fatigue.

Suddenly, from a distant staircase, three strange figures ran, angry and confused. One was large and green, another was tall and blue, and the third was white and short.

"You wretched fiend! I knew you would return here, you traitor!" Ozzie screeched. "And you call yourself a leader to our people? Running off with the humans... just wait until our community hears of this!" Slash yelled. "Yeah! You suck!" Flea added.

Magus sat up and looked strangely at the three. He had a faint recognition of them, but he couldn't quite place where they were from.

"And you people might be... who?" Magus asked. "Just who the hell do you think we are? Have you gone insane?" Ozzie yelled. "You only have your entire history based around us, you twit!" Slash added. "I kinda like his new style, guys. I think he found some real fashion sense for a change." Flea said. His two cohorts stared at him confused. "Hmm... yes, little bronze haired person... may I ask where you shop?" Magus said. "Oh, all over. We should go together some day." Flea said. "WILL YOU TWO STOP FLIRTING?" Ozzie yelled. "You people have no proper manners! Out! Out of my home! Do not even DARE to darken this door again, you, you, evil people, you!" Magus screamed. "We'll just go to my fort then." Ozzie said, snorting.

Magus stood and watched as the three left. As Flea made his exit, Magus whispered in his ear.

"Me and you. Shopping. Soon." "Bring a ton of cash. We have plenty of ground to cover." Flea replied. "Love the cape." "Love the hair." "FLEA!" Ozzie yelled, noticing that Flea had ceased to follow him. Flea promptly left the castle.

Magus slammed the door behind them. He sighed with sadness for the three, and returned to decorating his home.

Chapter 2

"Laa tee taaaaaaaaa tee tooooooo!!!"

Magus hummed as he added more details around his new castle.

"Most excellent! I have SUCH good taste!"

He had just finished his new family room, complete with white walls, furniture, lights, flower pots, floor tiles, and a portrait of his white as marble self, hung on the opposite wall from a window that showed the front of the castle.

"Now everyone can see my beautiful self!" Magus cried happily, clasping his hands together in joyful celebration. With that final touch, he had finished equipping the castle with every last addition that he might need, including hundreds of bedrooms, three courtyards, forty seven bathrooms, two kitchens, and various vaults where he held his most precious items, from his endless supply of ice cream to his most secret closet full of cartoon posters, and everything in between.

Magus plopped down inside a wicker chair lined with white cushions, and drew his legs into his chest. He closed his eyes quietly, and relaxed in the new sterility of his Poyoza Palace.

* * *

Meanwhile, a small visitor was approaching. His enlarged eyes were cold with hatred, as his hands were placed upon his blade, seeking revenge. It had been only a day since Frog had landed back on 600AD, and all seemed well, until his heightened instincts revealed that Magus had not left. It was a sense that told him to go and fight, for the final battle, and his final revenge, was at hand. He would either kill Magus, or die trying.

His mind filled with all sorts of scenes, Magus beheaded, Magus impaled on his sword, Magus begging for forgiveness... each thought was a pleasure that brought a smile to his face. He looked upward at the sky, taking in a view of its cool blue, a view that might possibly have been his last, if it weren't for the newer sight that surprised the hell out of him.

He dropped the Masamune in awe as he looked upward, the statue of a giant Poyoza doll staring down at him. He felt small compared to the size of the palace, as it stood several stories high, and incredibly wide. It was more than twice the size of Magus's old castle, and definitely more pleasant.

He composed himself and grabbed his sword, marching onward toward the castle.

"Tis a trick... I shall ne'er be fooled! Thy deception hath failed, your wretchedness!"

As he approached the castle, he saw a large sign that read "Poyoza Palace." It suddenly lit up, as a strange song began to play loudly.

* * *

"Someone's here!" Magus said to himself, as he heard the music play from the front of the castle.

* * *

"What an odd sound!"

Frog went closer, noticing large, bright clean windows in the front wall of the castle. He looked inward, and saw the sight of his life.

It was Magus. He was wearing white.

The front door to the castle opened suddenly, as Magus stood there, decked out in his white outfit.

"Come little person! There's no need to be afraid!" he sung loudly.

Frog barely winced. He held his sword firmly in his fingers, and walked forward.

"Prepare yourself, mage! Now we shall see who lives and dies!" "Oh hush, frog boy! Put that thing away and come inside. I've got cookies!" "You do not wish to dispose of me, Warlock?" "You are SOOOO hyperactive!!! Come in, sit down, have a cup of tea!"

Frog growled, and held his sword in the air, preparing to attack.

"Uhh, let's make that one a decaf..."

He took Frog by the arm and led him inside the castle. There, Frog beheld all of the changes Magus had made to his residence. It was strange and dull and frightening, and was certainly not the type of decoration Magus was expected to have. Everything was white, from the white walls to the flowerpots and even the flowers, from the doors to the doorknobs to the light switches and floor tiles. In Magus's kitchen, he saw a white stove, table, counter, refrigerator, cupboards, sink, and dish washer. Frog was oblivious to what half of the machines were, and it interested him to know what they were used for.

He sat quietly at Magus's kitchen table, looking out a nearby window, at a strange garden, full of white flowers, surrounded by a white fence. There were green bushes and trees about, the only color visible in the entire place. It was all so bright that Frog had to squint to see. He pulled his legs into his chest, frightened at this new look.

My goodness, has he really lost his mind? Frog asked himself.

Magus approached the table, and noticed Frog staring blankly out of the window. He sighed, as he placed two steaming cups of tea on the table, along with milk, sugar, and little silver spoons.

"You should have seen what this place looked like before I came around." He said, placing the teapot on the table, along with a small plate of cookies. Frog let out a quiet "hmpf," otherwise ignoring the statement.

"Come on, guest, eat up! I have plenty more where that came from. Only the best for my guest!"

Magus sat down and stirred his tea, pouring in a load of sugar.

"So tell me about yourself, toad." Magus said, pleasantly.

Frog stared at his archenemy, not bothering to acknowledge his tea or the sweets Magus had placed on the table. He kept hold of his Masamune under the table, preparing to strike at any moment. Magus frowned, and eyed his guest coldly.

"Don't be rude. Why don't you tell me where you're from? Where did you get the GIGANTIC sword? It's quite nice, and very well shaped..." "Crono, the blessed young lad, sparred with the ancient essences of this blade, after which I came and defeated thou! Dost thou not remember? 'Twas the battle that opened the gate to Zeal!" "Zeal... Zeal... I know that name from somewhere!" "YOU CAME FROM THERE!" "That's right! It was so long ago! I remember my mother, she was pretty, and my sister, she was pretty too, and I had a little kitty, he was so cute... I love cats, see, I once wanted this little ferret but mother decided to get me a kitty because ferrets were rare and-" "I have no interest in knowing about your childhood." "Well I do! I barely remember anything! I remember this big tunnel, and this big green guy, and then, well... nothing else. I woke up yesterday near this big ugly castle, and claimed it as my own. I decorated it myself, see?" "You decorated it?" Frog asked, bewildered. "Yup. I used my magic. Come to think of it... I don't ever remember having magic... I just... woke up with it!"

Alright, Magus, if you wish to play, we shall play. Frog thought. I can play around, too. Don't expect me to drop my guard.

"Thou dost remember Zeal?" Frog asked, as he looked downward to make sure his sword was in place. "YEPPERS! It was so nice and pretty, and we floated in the sky, and we played games with the old guys, and the people were so nice, and the big Nus were SO CUTE! It was so fun, until that big Lavos guy came, but I don't remember much after that." "Lavos?" "Yeah, Lavos. But enough about me, tell me about yourself!!! Where'd you get the gills, friend? How did you turn into a little froggy man?" "YOU MADE ME THIS WAY! REMEMBER IT! The day, so cold, the last day I ever saw mine hands and feet... Thou hast slain my only friend and turned me into this being! Magus, you bitter fool, 'twas all thine fault!" "MY NAME IS NOT MAGUS, TOAD! It's Janus, and don't you forget it! I'm no fool, I just blacked out for a few, umm, twenty years! I would remember such atrocities if they existed, which they did not! Get out of my home, you rude little bugger!"

Frog jumped out of his seat and perched on the table, holding his sword to Magus's throat. He responded by throwing his hand out, sending forth a burst of energy that sent Frog toward the wall. He held him there, with his magic, choking him, until his mellow state took over, and he slowly released his hold. He lowered Frog to the ground, and started uttering apologies.

"I'm sorry, I really am, I try to keep my temper in check!" "Thou hast not slain me?" "Ever since I was younger, I had this insane temper... I'm so sorry!" "Tis forgotten, Ma-Janus. I shall be taking my leave, if you would so kindly show me the way out?"

Magus led Frog to the door, as Frog pondered Magus's current state. Magus was truly not himself at this point... his mind was elsewhere. Magus was no longer the rude, arrogant, self-serving man that Frog had hated, he was benevolent and trusting. If Frog were to attack and kill Magus in his current frame of mind, it would be a sin. It would

not be revenge, it would be murder. This was not the man that had ruined Frog's life, rather it was a different being, within the same body. Frog left the castle quietly, as Magus stood in the doorway.

"Come back to visit, Mr. Toad. I did enjoy your company. it's awfully quiet around here, and you were quite welcome..." "Please, sir, call me Glenn."

Magus smiled, as Glenn turned away, and made his way back to the other continent.

"'Twas not Magus. 'twas another soul... yet how? How hast Magus taken on such a flamboyant persona? And what of Schala? Doth he not remember his search for her? I must send word to my lady Marle quickly! Mayhaps the intelligence of those of the future may be of service."

With that remark, he left toward Guardia Castle.

* * *

Meanwhile, at Ozzie's Fort, Ozzie, Flea, and Slash were meeting. Each stared at each other, equally confused. They thought it had been bad enough when Magus betrayed them to work with the humans, but now, he was something else. He had done a total turn around, and it was depressing. The only one who seemed mildly pleased was Flea, with the knowledge that he might have a new shopping partner.

"That was not Magus. How could he have changed? He's so... so white!" Ozzie complained, as he banged his fist on the table in anger. He growled as he looked at his partners, who had no reply.

"I never thought Magus would do this. It was bad enough that he left us after we lost the war, joining the humans against us, after all he's been through with us by his side, he goes and plays Benedict Arnold!" "I rather like his new look. He has style, not just drab colors. He's been wearing that same outfit for years. That ugly red cape and purple pants? Yecch!" Flea said, shuddering. "Something is very, very wrong here. Magus was not one to change. He's been the same ever since he was a child. He never wanted to make friends, never wanted to talk, never do anything but his own business until he was older." Slash said. He rested his head on the table, discontent. He thought he had lost faith in Magus when he came to the fort to fight them. Now, there was no trust at all. "I know. I've never seen him act so outlandish. And even if he were to change, it wouldn't be in such a short while." Ozzie complained.

Ozzie sat back in his chair. No matter how weak the army would be without Magus, their main goal was still to try and take over the human world. The humans were still at their weakest at this point, even though they had won the war, they still had a heavy loss of troops, and would need time to collect and build their army up again. They probably would have lost more men, if only they didn't have those strange little kids on their side.

"Wait a second! I think I have an idea." Ozzie said, perking up. "Say it!" Slash yelled. "We don't need Magus to lead us. Think about it! We're all smart enough, right? And I have a GREAT idea." "SPILL IT!" Flea demanded. "Do you guys remember those fools who made Magus their

ally?" "The kids?" Flea asked. "Yes! Remember how it was they, alone, that fended off Zombor, and battled with us and Magus?" "Yeah?" Slash said, wondering just what Ozzie had planned. "Well, think about it. The humans needed them to win the war, right?" "So?" Slash asked, again. "If we can get rid of them, they have no defense against us." Ozzie said, grinning. "If we can get rid of all of them, we can get Guardia!" Slash added, already tasting the sweetness of victory upon his lips.

2. Part 2 (wow, I can count)

"CRONO!" Marle called, as she ran towards his house. She gripped a yellowed envelope within her fingers. It had been given to her earlier that day by one of the castle servants who were cleaning out a storage room within the castle. Strangely enough, it was addressed to her, and was ordered to be given on that very date when it was found. She had read it twice already, but had little understanding of the words. She ran towards Crono's front door, hoping that he could help.

"YO! Red boy! Get down here!"

Crono had heard her screeching voice from afar, and was awake (somewhat) as Marle arrived. His face was shining with oil and sweat that emerged during his sleep, thanks to the warm sun. His hair was almost never actually combed or washed, which was why it hung in heavy spikes around his head. And yet, today, it seemed much dirtier than it usually did, pushed over to one side of his head from sleeping on it. He wiped the sleep from his eyes as he opened the front door. He saw what he expected, the always-excited Marle jumping around frantically, anxious to decipher the strange letter. He looked her in her eye and pointed to his empty wrist.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

He waved her away with his hands, gesturing to say "never mind." He had forgotten that Lucca's invention, the wristwatch, was a creation that Lucca had created ages ago to tell time, but Lucca had incorporated it into the design of the Gate Key, and never created another one. Pointing to the wrist was a gesture to ask about the time, a gesture that only Crono, Lucca, and Lucca's family knew, and Marle was never introduced to it.

Instead, he pointed to the sun, an older method of asking or telling the time.

"Are you kidding me?" She asked. "It's almost noon! Wake up!"

He groaned, and pulled his red locks out of his eyes. Marle held the letter up to his face.

Marile:

I re erst pre n pizza bit liliolio aruum a a; our m age weird. el
!!!

Flig

"See what I mean?" Marle asked. "Do you think we should show this to

Lucca?"

Crono nodded as they both left for Lucca's.

* * *

Meanwhile, in Ozzie's fort, the three ex-buddies of Magus were plotting to take over the castle.

"Now, you say that if we can beat those kids up, we can win Guardia, right? Why don't we launch an all out attack on wherever they live?" Slashed asked. "We don't know where they live!" Ozzie yelled. "But we can soon find out. Figuring Mount Denadoro is the biggest mountain in the Western hemisphere, it should have lookout on much of the area of the over world, right? With binoculars, we can manage to look out over Truce, San Dorino, AND Porre!" "And we shouldn't have a problem with humans, because there won't be any guards around! They're all dead!" Slash said, smiling brightly. "Wow!" Flea exclaimed, excited about the ingenuity of the plan. "I also took the liberty of planting monitoring devices in some of the wares in Dorino marketplace... one of our spies who works there will be selling them to the appropriate customers, including sir Magus, the walking oddity." Ozzie added. "Let's go then!" Flea said with excitement. "We're going down in the history books for sure!"

* * *

Magus was in the marketplace of San Dorino, shopping to fill his refrigerator. He ignored the stares and slow retreats of the commoners, as he carefully tested melons and bananas for ripeness. He picked his favorites, and carried them to the front counter.

"Excuse me, kind sir," he asked the clerk, "how much are these three fruits?" "Eighteen gold altogether."

The clerk grinned quietly. He was the first clerk not to give Magus all of his food for free, which made Magus feel a bit more comfortable that fewer people feared him so much.

"You know, sir... we have a special today, four fruits for twenty gold. In fact, I'll give you a special fruit... one of my personal best! Perfectly ripened, perfectly shaped, absolutely delicious." "That would be wonderful!" Magus cheered. The man handed him a strangely large orange, as Magus reached in his bag for the extra gold. "No charge, sir." The man said, grinning. "Hmm..." Magus said, as he thought to himself. "Well then. I suppose I'll be a repeat customer then, won't I... of course, I do most of my 'shopping' at night..." "Uhh..." "I'll be here, around midnight... see you then!"

Magus giggled as he walked away, anxious for his future plans. As he walked in the general direction of the castle, he searched in his bag for the "special" fruit that the man had given him.

"This seems odd..."

He shook the fruit up to his ear, and noticed a small rattle inside.

"He must have made a mistake... no use going back now, or he might just cancel our plans..."

Magus sighed, and threw the false fruit into some nearby bushes. As he walked away, a small, dirty young boy grabbed the item and ran away.

* * *

Frog relaxed as he overlooked the horizon on Zenan Bridge. The colors of the ocean were lovely, drawing the attention of most common people as they passed over the bridge. Frog was always entranced by the colors of the horizon, and often sat for hours staring at it, especially during the sunset.

But now, his mind was elsewhere. He focused on Magus, and his strange new patterns of behavior.

What could turn such a dark warlock into a white mage? Has Lady Schala returned? Or has he just gone mad? That would be understandable... if he went into further madness than he already was... but could the same be done to his cohorts? What if they-

"Sir Frog! Sir Frog! We need your help! Sir Frog!"

A young soldier came bumbling toward the bridge, just barely keeping balance as he tripped over the loose boards.

"Sir Frog! Ozzie and his gang have staged another attack! He has kidnapped a family in San Dorino! They've sent the Mystics upon the entire village and the surrounding plains! He's holding the family at Fiona's!" "Arrange all available men and ready them for war! We shant allow another war to start, not as long as I'm around!"

The knight helped Frog up from the side of the bridge, and they both ran off toward Guardia Castle. Luck was on their side, as all of the living knights were preparing for a ceremony in the castle to honor their bravery during the war. In less than ten minutes, the available soldiers were marching onward through Guardia Forest, toward San Dorino.

When they got there, however, they saw large hordes of Imps, Grimalkins, and Henches, fleeing from the town. Frog gestured for the men to search the town for leftovers while he went towards Fiona's house. To his surprise, inside the house, he saw Magus, consoling the mother of the freed family. In the corner of the room, Ozzie, Flea, and Slash sat, tied together on the ground. They turned their faces away from Frog, angry at their defeat.

Frog's eyes turned back to the family, of which the youngest member, a small boy, ran towards a strange steaming fruit on the ground. He kicked it as hard as he could with his bare foot, sending it straight into Ozzie's oversized gut. The boy then ran to Magus and wrapped his arms around him while Magus laughed. Fiona, who stood off to the side, started giggling as the boy and his family rejoiced. It was only then that she noticed Frog, awestruck at the rescue.

"Sir Frog! Where have you been? We all would have been killed if it weren't for Mr. Janus, here. He saved us!" said Fiona. "Yeah, Mr.

Frog! Why didn't you come to help us? We lost all hope until Mr. Janus appeared!" yelled the boy.

Frog turned away, his eyes full of hatred and confusion. He heard the sound of the boy giving him a raspberry as he left the house.

* * *

The next day, a parade was held in Magus's honor. Balloons and floats on grocery carts wheeled slowly down the streets of Truce, being dragged by lavishly costumed citizens who were celebrating Magus's brave rescue. They wheeled through the newly completed Leene Square, as residents laughed and cheered at the sights. Speeches were made by the more educated townspeople, and a lot of celebrating was done. At the end of the celebration, the square was celebrated by the hanging of Leene's Bell. All the while, Frog sat in the trees, watching as Magus was being praised for his bravery.

"That was MY victory!" Frog cried. "That should be ME making that speech! That should be ME hanging the bell! That should be me surrounded by beautiful women!"

Frog stopped himself. His beady eyes widened as he stared downward at the crowd of women that surrounded Magus.

"Girls? Girls now? No. No. Not Magus. Magus is ugly. Magus is evil. Magus is a downright pig! Do they even recognize him? He killed their families! He burned their homes! Why do they flock to him? Magus doesn't even like women! Magus doesn't like anybody! I must be drunk. I shouldn't have drunk all that ale..."

Down in the square, Magus was answering the questions and signing the autographs that were requested by the women that surrounded him.

"No, no, actually, I am a practicing mage now, but I never TRY to be a hero." Magus said confidently. "Mr. Janus! Talk to me!" One girl cried. "No, me! Me! I'm your biggest fan! Please talk to me!" another whined.

Many of the women targeted his clothing. They squealed as they tore at his white cape and pants. One lucky girl even managed to rip the tie that Magus had in his hair.

"Wait-what are you doing! No, please... I am REALLY busy tonight-yes, I can help you build your house if you want-No! You're not my type! Believe me, you're not my type. I don't need your underwear! I have my own, thank you very much! Hey! Quit touching that!"

Magus began to turn red as he became angrier and angrier, as the women continued to pursue him. Finally, he started pushing them out of the way, trying to leave. They still insisted on latching on to him, though, pulling off more of his clothing even though Magus had barely any of his cape or pants left. He was in shreds. One young lady suddenly ran up to him, latched her arms around his shoulders, and planted a sloppy kiss on his lips. He pushed her off and looked at her smiling expression, and lost it.

"THAT'S IT! AAAAAAGH!!!"

Magus's body became engulfed in a white flame. His hair turned gold as did his eyes, while his body glowed with his magic.

"SUPER SAIYA-JIN INTERIOR DECORATOR!!!" He cried, as suddenly every woman was thrown backward in the square. Sparks of energy flew from his body and flew into the distance, landing at locations invisible to the naked eye. Magus then bolted into the sky, flying away from the crowd.

"I can't believe these women! It's as if the entire female population needs a cold shower, not to mention a better sense of gay-dar..."

Magus aimed himself toward Guardia Castle, as he decided to go to the prison to visit Ozzie and his cohorts, to make sure they were kept in check.

* * *

Meanwhile, in an attempt to decipher the strange letter, Crono and Marle met with Lucca at her home.

"This is certainly something that I can't decipher." Said Lucca. "It looks way to complicated... I don't think even Robo could do this one." "Who is this Flig?" Marle asked.

Crono opened his mouth so speak, but Lucca interrupted him.

"Perhaps Magus has made an alias for himself? Maybe he's trying to lure us back to his time for some reason?"

Crono tried again, but barely a peep came out before Marle started to talk.

"Yeah! Maybe he needs us to help him find Schala or something!"

Crono tried again, to no avail.

"What if he wants to kill us or something? What if he's angry that he needed our help to get revenge on Lavos, and now he wants to prove he's stronger?"

Crono tried again. No luck.

"You said it! That no good dirty low down pile of festering pencaps!"

Crono squinted and slapped his forehead. Lucca looked oddly at Marle.

"What?" she asked innocently. "I'm being creative!"

Crono got fed up and walked out the door, slumping his shoulders.

"I wonder what his problem was..." "I dunno. He's always been the strong, silent type... we'll probably never know."

Lucca and Marle went back to reading the note. A few minutes later, Crono suddenly burst through the door, back into Lucca's house, flailing his arms wildly and stomping his feet.

"Crono! What's up?"

He flailed his arms even more and gestured for Marle to go over to him. She looked outside, at Guardia castle. To her surprise, she saw the whole side of the castle, painted with the word "Loone."

"I... I never noticed this side of the castle before... this is so weird!" Marle exclaimed. "I need a closer look..."

The three rushed off towards the Epoch.

* * *

Frog finished the last stroke of his paintbrush, as he stepped backward. There was nobody to stop him from painting the castle... everybody was away at Magus's "celebration" and were probably drunk by then. He had hoped that they might notice the paint, and considering their new experiences in history, would have traveled back to see what was up.

"They should be here!"

Frog growled, as he waited for another second, and pounded his fists against his knees. He found a collection of small trees, and set off towards the southern continent in search of Robo, who was still planting the trees on the land.

"Tis time for drastic measures..."

* * *

Marle stared at the castle as they hovered toward it. The red of the paint was faded and hardly visible after 400 years of wear and tear, but it was there, present. She sighed as she looked it over, and wondered if her father had ever noticed it. Lucca sighed and looked out in the other direction, and noticed something odd.

"Hey... uhh... guys, look out towards the forest on the other continent..." "Where? You mean the forest Fiona and Robo planted?" Marle asked.

Marle gasped as she looked the forest over. Lucca started aiming towards the forest, and as they passed over it, it spelled out the name "Leene."

"That's gotta be Frog!" Marle exclaimed. "Enough said."

Lucca engaged the Epoch, headed for 600 AD.

* * *

Magus shuttled towards the prison holding Ozzie, Flea, and Slash. His hair and eye color had since returned to normal, and his mind set heavily on what he wished he hadn't done.

"I shouldn't have pushed them... I shouldn't have pushed them... its

my temper... at least I re-did all their houses with my Interior Design magic..."

He elevated himself to the tallest tower of Guardia Castle, and landed on the bridge that was the entrance into the prison area. The halls were deserted, since every guard went to Leene Square to celebrate. The only sounds that could be heard were random Mystic felons crying for their release. Magus thought it was preposterous that they would leave an entire prison full of convicts alone, without a single watcher in the area. He sighed, added to himself that it wasn't his business, and walked onward towards the cell where Ozzie, Flea, and Slash were to be held.

When he got there, they were gone.

"Where... how... why??"

Suddenly, Flea fell from the ceiling, catching Magus within a large sack. From the shadows around the bend of the hallway, Slash came around and whacked Magus in the head with the flat side of his sword. Magus fell unconscious.

"Ha ha ha... that's what you get, traitor!!" Slash said, grinning. "Such a shame... what a stylish, stylish man..."

Flea sighed as Ozzie floated from the opposite corner.

"All done." Slash said. "Very well. Tie him up, and let's get going!"

Flea tied a rope around the bottom of the sack. They ran off towards the exit of the prison, with intents on going to their new outpost on Mt. Denadoro.

* * *

Crono, Lucca, and Marle landed in a large thicket of bushes at the foot of Mt. Denadoro. The three sat on the hood of the Epoch, and discussed where Frog might be.

"Where do you suppose we find him?" asked Marle. "I haven't a clue." Said Lucca.

Crono lifted his finger, about to talk, when Marle interrupted.

"Should we wait here?" "I think we should go looking." "You're right. He wouldn't just show up out of anywhere." "We go then."

Crono slumped his shoulders, and followed the girls as they walked into the forest, to search Frog out on foot.

* * *

Magus awoke, startled. He felt himself scrunched into something strangely small, and scrambled to free himself. He pushed his limbs outward, trying to stretch the bag and break it, but it had no effect. With a quick whip of his hand, a small flame appeared on his finger, which he used to burn a hole in the sack.

As he emerged from it's remains, his eyes fell upon one of the candles in the hallway. Although the light was dim, it burned into his eyes, causing him to shield them. It was as if he hadn't seen light in days. Worse, his head felt like it had been smashed several times with an aluminum baseball bat, each lump throbbing painfully under his hair.

"Where... am... I?"

He looked around him, squinting to avoid exposing his eyes to more light. Through the blur of his eyelashes, he inspected his body for cuts and bruises, and found a sight he hadn't expected to see.

"Howâ€¦ what? Why am I wearing these ridiculous colors? It's so... so... white!!!"

He stumbled to his feet, and managed a quick spell to change his clothing into something more enjoyable.

"Wait a sec... where are my underwear??? This is demeaning!"

As he regained his sense of balance, he became enraged.

"Nobody... nobody EVER steals my underwear!"

With a cry of anger, he set off towards his castle. Somehow, in some strange way, he knew that Ozzie, Flea, and Slash were involved. Now, he would just have to figure out what they did...

* * *

The three Mystic monsters were careful not to step on any branches as they made their way near Denadoro Mountain. Slash led the way, cutting large, more annoying bushes straight up from the ground when they couldn't be passed by normal means. When he made it to the end of the trail, he turned backward to Flea and Ozzie, and lifted his hand to give an "all-clear" sign. As he turned forward again, he noticed a strange glimmer through the trees. Upon inspection, he found the strangest machine he had ever seen in his entire life. He motioned for his cronies to hurry up and follow him... apparently, they had a sight to see.

"Look at it! It's beautiful!" "Wow! Isn't that that little flying thing that those twerps used to get around?" Flea asked. "Yeah, but they're nowhere in sight." Replied Slash. "Steal it!" ordered Ozzie.

The two looked at each other, and then at Ozzie.

"Are you sure? We shouldn't tamper with technology we don't know about." Slash said, calmly. "They could kill us." Flea added. "They're not here!" Ozzie replied, his eyes turning fierce. "Go get that ship before I kill you!"

Flea and Slash sighed, and walked out towards the Epoch.

* * *

"It was them! It had to be! Those FILTHY LOW-DOWN GOOD FOR NOTHING

PIECES OF DIRT!"

Magus was enraged. He soared through the air toward his castle, trying to find something to blame on them. As he passed over the bushes at the base of Denadoro Mountain, he saw a strangely obvious trail that had been left there. Slash wasn't very intelligent when he was guiding his cohorts through the brush... he cut aside a large path, leaving a well visible earthly scar. Of course, Slash and the others were oblivious to this.

"Slash... it had to be Slash..."

As Magus flew towards Slash's obvious location, he saw another small clearing, with a strange arrangement of colors inside. As he set down upon the clearing, he was surprised to find Crono, Marle, and Lucca sitting there, chatting with Frog.

"Sir Janus?" Frog asked politely.

Magus stood back, astounded. Was it really Frog, addressing him? To his face? Using his real name?

"What did you call me?" Magus replied, calmly. "Janus." Answered Frog. "DON'T EVER CALL ME THAT!" Magus yelled. The force of the wind as Magus said those words almost blew Frog into a tree. "What are you doing here?" asked Marle. "I was following Ozzie. He seems to have found a reason to scale the mountain, and isn't being too inconspicuous about it. What are you runts doing around here?" "We got a message from Frog... he was about to tell us what the problem was." Said Lucca. "Why are Ozzie and them all the way around here?" "I haven't a clue. All I know is that they were headed North and they ruined my hair-" "NORTH?" Marle and Lucca screamed. They, along with Crono and Frog, ran to the Epoch's location.

They got there just in time to see Ozzie, Flea, and Slash lift off.

"How do we work this thing?" asked Flea. "I don't know! Just... just press that button." Slash replied. "Which one?" "The red one!" Slash yelled. Flea jammed his fingers onto a red button, as well as several other buttons and levers, trying to see what the machine could do.

"Did they just say 'red button' up there?" asked Lucca. "Red button... That's... NOOOOOO!" Marle screamed.

The Epoch suddenly engaged and jumped into hyper-space, headed towards unknown time coordinates. And behind them, all five of the present time heroes stood, flabbergasted. And strangely, at the same exact moment, all five, including Crono, spoke in unison.

"D'OH!"

End
file.